

as a rather wistful comfort in a bleak and
 bitter world.
 Behind all her gaiety lies a confirmed sadness
 about life,
 based both on reason and temperament. She
 has learnt
 not to expect overmuch on earth, where
 with so much
 sorrow goes so little joy 'that one may see 'tis
 merely
 intended to keep us alive withal'.
 Strengthened as this.
 strain in her must have been by her
 unhappy youth, it
 is clear, I think, that she was born with it;
 'my mother,
 I remember, used to say I needed no tears to
 persuade
 my troubles, and that I had looked so far
 beyond them
 that, were all the friends I had in the world
 dead, more
 could not be expected than such a sadness in
 my eye*.
 She is not 'apt to hope'. Good fortune comes
 to her 'like
 the sun to die inhabitants of Greenland' who,
 when it
 goes, look for six months of night to follow.

Little wonder, then, if under the strain of
 loneliness
 and persecution, with her mother dead and
 her father
 dying, her courage broke at one moment and
 she begged
 Temple for his own sake to give her up.
 'She's happier
 by much', she writes of a frivolous friend at
 this time, ^
 'than I shall ever be, but I do not envy her;
 may she long*
 enjoy it, and I an early and a quiet grave,
 free from
 the trouble of this busy world, where all with
 passion
 pursue their own interests at their
 neighbour's charges;
 where nobody is pleased but somebody
 complains on't;
 and where 'tis impossible to be without

giving and
receiving injuries. You would know what I
would be at,
and how I intend to dispose of myself. Alas!
were I in
my own disposal, you should come to my
grave to be
resolved; but grief alone will not kill.'

Happily she possessed in Temple a lover
with the
essential gift of knowing when not to take
his mistress
at her word; or at least the determination
not to do so
now. He would not hear of renunciations—
would she, in